A KEY (With the WHIP)

To open the

Mystery & Iniquity

OF THE

POEM

CALLED,

ABSALOM & ACHITOPHEL:

Shewing its

Scurrilous Reflections

Upon both

KING and KINGDOM.

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A KEY (With the WHIP) To open the MYSTERY and INIQUITY OF THE POEM CALL'D *ABSALOM* and *ACHITOPHEL*.

THus far His Braz'd fac'd *Preface* (a vile Design)
Call'd for a *Comment Rugged*, yet *Divine*,
His *Book's* no better, *Head* and *Body* too
Of *Polypus* stinks on, to th' Realm Undo;
As Full of *Hell*, as *Ink*, sublimely Base,
If *it* th' *Impartial* { κατὰ πόδας } Trace.
Or { step by step do }
View but distinctly's *Jewish Allegories*,
Allusions of both's *English Whigs*, and *Tories*.
Never were th' *Harp*, and th' *Harrow* more unlike,
Not *Even*, but *Odd All* his *Two's* do strike;

Jewish and *English* th' vast *Disparity*
Next *View* betwixt, but no *Congruity* :
Had *Plutarch* made such parallels as This
Fond Poet doth, he had deserv'd an Hiss ;
K. *Charles.* First to begin with's Top-Comparison
Of Holy *David* to our *Soveraign.*
The Type of Christ he makes our *Charles's Type,*
Yet draws foul Figures of the *Antitype* ;
As if embracing *Queans* o're all *his* Land,
Instead of's Royal *Queen* with's Royal Hand :
'Tis true this Godly King had many Wives,
Yet neither He, nor th' Rest leading such Lives,
Can be excus'd from Sin, unless he'l prove,
A *Divine Dispensation* did them move,
But not *one word* ; suppose God Tolerated
This ill for good, yet not Anticipated
Is his *first Law* hereby, it stands in Force
'Gainst all Exceptions, and all False Divorce ;
First *one to one* was the first *blest* Confinement,
More is a *Monster*, and a *Curs'd* consignment ;
Man then was bid to cleave unto his *Wife*,*
* Mat. 19. 5. Not unto *Wives*, and this was during Life,
If neither of the two have power over
* 1 Cor. 7. 4. Their *Bodies*,* then they cann't give to another.
Though *David* did excel all other Kings,
His Vertues shone, *Save only in the Things*
* 1 King. 15. 5. *Of's brave Uriah*,* whose *Lade lamb* he took
Unto his Flock, and so *Gods Law* forsook :
This Wicked Poet, one of th' Devils Imps,
O're looks all th' Good, and like a Prince of Pimps
Fixes on's Fault, propounds 't for Imitation,
A Pattern prompt for a Kings Gloriation.
(*Scarabeus* like) he flies o're fragrant Flowers ;
And falls on stinking Dung, which he Impowers

A Princes Presidents, like *Machivel*,
Propounds a Pattern prompting towards Hell.
Thus fawning Sycophants do bolster up
Their Lords in ill, their spittle they will sup.
Those Cur Dogs, currying Kindnesses, suck the Blood
While they but lick the wound, as pleasing Food,
Kind-Murtherers of Souls in Court are these,
Aiones, and *Negones*, what you please:
Next is our English Queen the Poets Scorn, Q. *Katherin.*
Because she's Barren, *She* must be forlorn:
Though mocking *Michals* may have barren Wombs,
Impos'd as th' Curse of God to cut their Combs
For Scorning Piety, * yet Daughters of * 2 Sam. 6. 23.
Sarah as well as *Sara* (whom he doth huff)
May Barren be; *Man is not in Gods stead,* *Gen. 30. 1.
The Key of Wombs is at Gods Girdle ti'd:
How dare this black mouth'd wretch blaspheme a
To Afflict th' Afflicted *base* hath even been (Queen,
Near to the King he sits on *Monmouth* next, D. of *Monmouth.*
Makes th' Story of proud *Absalom* his Text.
This Noble *Duke* he makes his *Absalon*,
As if a Traitor to the King and Crown:
Oh thou *Inconstruous Fool*, what parallel
That's Congruous twixt these *two* canst thou tell?
Josephus and the *Scripture* runs to life
Thy vile Ambition; its most restless strife
To Rape the Crown before his Fathers Death,
Sick of his life, he sought to stop his Breath. * 2 Sam. 16. 11.
A Graphical Description of this Type
Set out in 'ts Colours, Epithets most ripe;
Stands upon Record with this ugly Brand,
A compleat *Rogue*, *Ambitious*, *Arrogant*
Ungrateful, *Lying*, a *Dissembling Wretch*,
Who th' Reins of lustful *Reins* did lewdly stretch,

Traitor to's Father, Rebel to his King,
Subverter of the People, every thing
Accomplishing a Villain Sublimate
Without a *parallel* in Realm, or State:
And must brave *Monmouth* be his parallel,
By Renegado Wits of *old Cromwell.*
Five hundred Guinnies makes him sell his *Sense,*
His *King* and *Country,* and his *Conscience:*
Oh lump of Impudence, where canst thou find
That e're *Pride budded* * thus in *Monmouths* mind?
Was e're he hammering and hatching out,
For two full years any Rebellious Rout?
As did thy *Absalom:* did e're this *Duke*
His Fathers Judges Brand in ope Rebuke *,
Affecting to be made *Judge* in the Land;
Soothing all Plaintiffs that their *Cause* would stand
Right, or *Wrong,* smooth them up with gawdy words,
To steal away their Hearts, while War and Swords,
Were in his Heart against his Fathers Crown,
Fit to be made a *Chanc'lour* of Renown:
When did this *Noble Duke* aspire a Train
Of Princely Port like a *Successours* Aim?
When did he Court, Collogue, Crouch, Cring to th'
All's true of *Absalom,* of th' *Duke* a Babble: (Rabble?
Stoln hath *he* many Hearts, *unto the King,*
But never any *from him,* That's the thing
Thou dost traduce *him* with, as basely by
Counterfeit Court'sy *stoop'd to climb* on high:
A *Votary* when seem'd *he* for Religion,
Only to palliate Design'd Rebellion?
When did *he* send his Spies abroad the Land,
To feel the Peoples Pulses, bring to Hand,
Their Hands and Hearts to his *Conspiracy;*
Though some attend him in *Simplicity:*

Much

* Ezek. 7. 10.

* 2 Sam. 15. 3. *Josephus.* * V.

Much more Disparity might be Blazon'd on,
'Twixt our *Young Hero*, and this *Rebel Son*,
Thy *Type* and *Antitype* Concords no better,
In 'ts *Starched* Verse, and *Dedicated* Letter.
More clear 'twill be in thy *Achitophel*, E. of *Shaftesbury*.
Sage Shaftesbury thou makes his Parallel.
The only hit is both were Oracles,
All th' rest are empty sounds, and idle Kackles:
Thy *Type* pernicious Counsel did infuse,
That th' Rebel Son a princely pomp *might* use
Chariots and Horsemen, fifty Footmen, all
The vulgar to perstringe, and them enthrall,
Must rise up early, call the *Plaintiff* to him,
Shew Zeal to Right from those that would undo *him*,
Must meet all Suiters, *say* their Cause was good,
Though nere so bad, yet none deputed stood;
In's Courts to Right them, he *must* undertake,
Promise Redress from Griefs for *Justice* sake,
Though never meant it, but to gain their Loan,
From *Davids* Carlous he might step to th' Throne.
With many more insnaring Tricks,
Impatient of delays, th' *Mock-Sun* to fix.
In's Royal Orb before th' *True Sun* was set,
Present Possession of the Crown to get:
Did e're *our Earl Brisk Monmouth* thus advise,
For a prepost'rous Throne to Tantalize,
His Fathers *Person*, *Justice* to Traduce,
To th' Rabble say, *His Courts* were of no Use,
To hear their cause, and to Redress their wrong,
Such Poison 's not transfus'd into *his* Tongue:
When did *he* teach this *Duke* to Vilify
His *Fathers Magistrates* for Villany,
To vulgar Ears, *His Dote Age-Government*,
Yet th' *People* praise even to the firmament.

Sordidly

Sordidly fawn *them* from their Wit and Reason,
And deep involve *them* into horrid Treason;
That *Subtil Fox*, the true *Achitophel*,
Was at the bottom of this *Curſed Spell*;
(Though he lay lurking in his hole unſeen)
To black and blaſt th' Kings fame (from ſpiteful ſpleen,)
As if *he* had no care to execute
Juſtice *himſelf*, nor others did depute,
To do it under *him*, nor did *he* blame
Thoſe that neglected it, to h's Kingdoms ſhame,
A *Shameleſs Slander* of a *Graceleſs Son*,
* 2 Sam. 8. 15. (*Juſtice to all* (God teſtifies *) *was done*)
Which that old lurking Fox had foiſted in
To *his Ambition*, th' *Riſing Sun* to win.
The *Setting Sun* found him a wicked Man,
Unconſcionable POLITIAN;
So breaks with him, who hereupon withdraws,
Lays cloſe at *Giloh*, yet puts forth his paws;
Paved a way by h's cloſe perſuaſion,
Prompting the ſimple to Rebellion.
This crafty *Ape* draws Nuts out of the Fire,
With the *Cats* paw to ſave his own entire:
Thus th' *Coadjutor* of this Damned Plot,
Made Helliſh Bolts, by fools then to be ſhot,
(If not its *Author*) yet plays leaſt in ſight,
Lurking at home, diſguiſed from the Light,
In's Country Houſe, that it might not be known,
His *Hand* did manage this *Rebellious Son*;
Wherein his *Head* and *Heart* were deep engag'd,
Engaging vulgar *Hands*, being ſore inrag'd,
'Gainſt *David* who caſhierd him from his Place;
(When's Roguiſh Craft was ſeen with open Face)
Revenge he'l take, though at the firſt behind,
The Curtain undiſcern'd, but's wicked mind,

(Twice

(Twice dipt in th' Devils Dy-fat, th' Scarlet die)
Makes him appear 'mongst th' Rebels publickly,
Then gave he *Absalom* those damn'd Designs,
First to act Incest on th' *Kings Concubines*;
Oh Hellish Tongue worthy to be cut out,
And shred in Gobbets, and thrust down *his* Throat,
That thus misus'd it, prompting his *new King*,
To such Unpardonable, Villanous a Thing;
Besides the hazard of's Immortal Soul,
Which Flagrant Sin-wise Counsel would controul,
This pestilent Advice was, that the Son
Might be abhorr'd both's Father, thereupon
All Hands of th' Rebel Rout resolv'd would be,
When reconcilement they no hope could see:
This matchless Fact was done (at his Advice)
Before the Sun, before all *Israels* Eyes,
Thus he who's call'd *Gods Oracle*, this Time
Was th' *Devils* to promote this Crying Crime.
The *next Design* of this *Arch-Rebel* was
To surprize *David*, ere he succour has,
As not enough to be th' *Kings Principal*,
In *Council*, He'l be *Captain General*.
Counsel most Politick, yet Pestilent,
To make the *Rebel* thrive, but *David* shent.
Oh how he pleas'd himself and th' *Rebel Son*,
Thus to contrive the Death of's *Soveraign*:
But God o're rules, that *Counsel much applauded*,
(Man's mutable) becomes betimes exploded;
Now (*Wretch*) review all this which God doth tell
Of *Absalom*, and of *Achitophel*:
Compare thy scurrilous Libel with all this,
Thy Lines, not parallel, they run amiss.
Here thou mayst see thy mercenary Bable,
Thy *Cento Talmud* a fond Jewish Fable:

Mark

Mark all the parts of thy curs'd Character;
Thou dost not hit in one, all interfere:
I read not that e're th' *Jews Achitophel*,
Had modern Match, save only *Machiavel*.
That crafty *Florentine*, *both* th' *Devils Slaves*,
He was their Master, taught them in his *Traves*.
To bolster up great Princes in their Sin,
That their *Applause* and *Treasure* they might win:
In all the shop of Hell, no Anuile can
Be found so fet, as th' *Matchiavillian*.
Whereon to forge some choice mischievous piece,
No Engine Fitter to transact with Geese:
How well this Hebrew name with sense doth sound,
[*A Fools my Brother**] though in wit profound.
Most wicked wits are th' *Devils* chiefest Tools,
Which ever in the Issue *God* Befools:
Can thy *Compare* (vile Varlet) once hold true,
Of th' *Loyal Lord*, and this *Disloyal Jew*,
Was e're our *English Earl* under Disgrace,
And as *Unconscionable* put out of place?
Hath he laid lurking in his *Country-House*,
To plot Rebellions, as one Factious?
Thy Bog-trot Blood-Hounds Hunted have this *Stagg*,
Yet cannot fasten their foul fangs, *they Flagg*.
Why didst not *thou* bring in *thy* Evidence
(*With them*) to rectify th' *Brave Juries* sense,
And so prevent the *Ignoramus*, nay
Thou wast Cock-sure he would be damn'd for Ay,
Without thy presence, thou was then employ'd,
To Brand him, 'gainst he came to be Destroy'd:
'Fore hand preparing him for th' Hangmans Ax,
Had not the Witnesses been found so Lax;
Did e're this *Earl* our *Duke* (*vain Poetaster*)
Advise to bring his Father to Disaster?

* [*Achi*] My Brother, and [*Tophel*] a Fool-*Hebr.*

To

To *seek* his life, and to be *sick* on't too,
As being too long a life, no more ado,
But up in Arms, proclaim himself *the King*,
Baniſh his Father, yea e'ry evil thing;
Adviſ'd *he Him* to climb his Fathers Bed,
To Rape his Concubines on Tops of Lead?
In view of all our *Engliſh Iſrael*?
He hates *his* Acts, yet's made *his Parallel*:
Would *he* have *him* to be a Graceleſs Son?
A Bloody Rebel? wiſh his Fathers Throne?
Yea and *his* Death who *ever* had been kind?
No, no, in *none* ſuch faults canſt thou him find:
When did this *Earl* a Band of Men require,
(As *Captain*) to cut off his *Royal Sire*?
No, there's no room in th' *Earl* to *give*, in th' *Duke*,
To *take* ſuch peſtilent Advice; they look
At higher, and more honeſt things than Plots,
Unlike th' *Areh Rebel Jews*, thy Two By-gots:
Mark (Fool) thy *Crimes*, ſo many as thy *Themes*,
Thou Sports on Sacred Writ, and thou Blaſphemes
Both *God* and *Men*, yea *Great* as well as *Small*,
Magnatum ſcandal makes no bones at all.
Thy ven'm'd Quill ſpares neither *Earl* nor *Duke*,
Nor *Queen*, nor *King*, in thy pernicious Book:
But how (*mad Poet*) cometh this to paſs,
That thy *Achitophel* ſo branded was;
In thy wild Poem's firſt Impreſſion, where
His *Characters* moſt *Black*, moſt *Beaſtly* were,
A *Fiend of Hell Curſt to all Ages*, He
With more foul ſtuff is ſtigmatiz'd by thee;
But doſt on ſecond thoughts *twelve lines* rehearſe,
All to correct thy Sawcy Satyr Verſe:
Thou breaks th' *Earls* Head, a Plaiſter then thou offers,
When for thy doing ſo, thou'd fill'd thy Coffers:

Thou (*Battus Bantling*) canſt blow hot and cold,
All with one breath, like th' Roman Bird of old,
Ha's [χαῖρε χαῖσαρ] [Αἶρε τῦτον] too
As pleaſed, or diſpleaſed wete 'twixt two.
Thy *Fawning* or thy *Faulting* Talent comes,
As Fools, or Knaves thee with their *Talents* Cr owns
Thy tickling, or thy *ſcratching* gift doſt uſe,
As Men thee pay, if not, thou'lt *Beſt* abuſe;
Thy mercenary Tongue can ſay, unſay
Of th' [*C.*] or [*O. C.*] any one for pay:
This ſhows, thou art of th' Curſed Jewiſh Race,
Hoſannahs, *Crucifies* canſt cry apace.
As th' Tide doth turn, can praiſe, or th' *Earl* diſpraiſe,
Can caſt *him* down, and up again *him* raiſe.
Firſt wounds him with thy ſcandalizing Gin,
Theu ſalves him as a matchleſs *Abbeth din*;
'*Unbrib'd*, *Unſought*, the *Wretched to Redreſs*,
'*Swift of Diſpatch*, and *eaſy of Acceſs*.
'*He Fame deſerv'd*, *no Enemy can Grudge*,
' And had *clear Eyes*, *clean Hands*, while he was Judge:
Oh *Proteus*, *Changling*, thus to *change* thy Note,
Thy frothy Fancy flyes, thy Brain's affloat.
How comes thy Head to be vertiginous,
In a Diameter thou drolling thus?
Was it becauſe the *Ignoramus* wind
Whirl's th' Weathercock about *thy twelve* to find?
Or was't becauſe *Apollo* and his *Muſes*
Had *Worm*'d thy *Tongue* to work off thy Abuſes?
Or was't the *Oil* of Crab-Tree, which Anoints,
(As in *Roſe-Ally* once) thy naſty Joints?
No better Antidote is found to fetch
That plaguy poiſon out of th' Whiffling Wretch;
If this Beaſts Tongue be not cut out and *dri'd*,
Or th' Head hang'd up, in Tyburn Tippit ti'd.

Why

Why dost thou not thy Parable pursue?
Make this *Earl* hang himself, a Death his due;
Were he so base as thy *Achitophel*,
Not hope for *Heaven*, nor yet fear an *Hell*.
No, no, thy after-wit in th' *Earl* espi'd,
Instead of *Sadlers Ass*, (and him Bestride,)
His *Anger* he could *bridle*, all Affronts
He calmly puts up, never vengeance Haunts;
Though harmless, so himself not conscious,
Not as Judge *Bellknap*, Self-condemn'd, said thus,
There only wants an Hurdle, Horse, and Halter,
To do me right, and present State to Alter.
Had such despairing phrenzy him subdu'd,
Such Hony-drops thy malice had bedew'd;
Thy Romanizing mind, Romantick Eye,
Had glutted been with this sad Tragedy.
No less had been, had th' Jury found the Bill.
By th' *Fanatick* his Noble Blood to Spill;
Had th' Deed been done *by Self*, or by Jack *Ketch*,
It Canoniz'd would be a *Romish Fetch*:
But both's debarred, now's thy *After Game*,
(Seeing his Sun break forth from th' Cloud of Shame)
With *twelve inserted Lines* t' Insinuate,
Whom (before this) thou didst Recriminate:
Why dost not thou hang up *thy Absolon*,
Upon some forked Oak; that *Rebel-Son*,
Hung by the Head between the *Earth and Heaven*,
Both scorn'd, that Wretch, *a Heap of Cursed Leaven*.
The *Oak's* his *Throne*, and twisted Hair his *Crown*,
Three Darts through's Heart, his *Scepter* of Renown:
Thus art thou *lame* in both thy Parallels,
Thy *Absoloms*, and thy *Achitophels*.
Thy Similies run not upon four feet,
Are foully founderd, and do lamely meet,

What ever likeneſs in their *Heads* may be,
Yet do their *Feet* moſt groſly diſagree;
Nor have their *Bodies* better Harmony.
Nor in thy *Zimri* happier is thy Hit;
D. of *Buck.* Whom *Buckingham* thou baſely makes to Fit:
Thy *Monmouths Type* is a baſe publick peſt,
Whoſe *fouleſt Soul's* in a *fair Body* dreſt,
And an Incorrigible PARRICIDE,
Whom Heav'n and Earth a Room at laſt deny'd:
Next, this *Duke* with thy Dirt muſt be defil'd,
As if his *Grace* moſt Graceleſs were and vil'd.
And having loſt all's love to's *Iſrael*,
Which of th' two *Zimri's He's*, thou canſt not tell.
Not *Cozbi's* Rogue *he* is, nor *Ela's* Traitor,
Neither of theſe agree in mode or matter.
The firſt (that curſed *Simeonite*) he's not,
*Num. 25. 14, 15. (Who brought on *Iſrael* that *flagrant Blot**)
By *Balaams* Counſel) *He* was *Young*, *this old*,
He hug'd *Outlandiſh*, *this* true *Engliſh Mold*:
A Foreign Whore, and a Domeſtick Wife,
Differs *them* much in *Love* as well as *Life*.
He and his Whore in the flagrancy of Luſt,
By *Phinehas* Javelin were both thorow thruſt;
Thy *Sagan Phinehas* never durſt ſhew
Such Vengeance on *this Zimri*, bold and true,
To th' *Engliſh Intereſt*, no *Popiſh chatter*,
Therefore thou doſt ſo ſouly him beſpatter;
Suppoſe him too extravagant, and kind,
Still hath he a right *Noble Engliſh Mind*:
Thou coins fine Speeches for thy *Abſalon*,
For thy *Achitophel*, ſtill drolling on.
Why doſt not thou as old *Joſephus* doth,
Coin a fine Speech for thy *Falſe Zimri's*, both

'Gainſt

'Gainſt *God* and *Moſes*, palliate his Sin,
And boldly Mann his Crime through thick and thin:
Zimri in Hebrew [*cut off*] ſignifies
As th'Vine's ſuperfluous Branches pruned lies,
This *Graceful* Engliſh Vine-branch ſtands upright,
Still *uncut off* by Romiſh Rage and Spight;
Though he affronteth them in *Deed*, and *Word*,
Saying, fond Romaniſts do *eat their Lord*,
Could they but *eat the Devil* too, ſaid *He*,
A Romaniſt with th' firſt i'le ſurely be:
Thy wanton *Zimri* was old *Salu*'s Son,
That is, [*trod under foot*] in th' Hebrew Tongue;
His *Name*, and *Fate* harmoniouſly agree,
Yet on this *Duke* no ſuch Fate canſt thou ſee:
Cozbi (his Whore) in Hebrew is [a lie]
His *Dutcheſs* to be ſuch, all will deny.
Cozbi [*a lie*] was *Bulaams* Tool to draw
Iſrael from God, and from his Holy Law;
But canſt thou ſay *Balaam of Rome* hath us'd
His *Dutcheſs*, and by her his lies tranſmu'd:
Thus no congruity collateral,
Can correſpond this *Parallel* at all;
If th' Duke be not th' *firſt Zimri*, th' *ſecond* leſs, * 1 Kin. 16. 9. 18. 20.
(His Maſters Murtherer in Drunkenneſs*)
As cruel to himſelf as to his Maſter,
Burns th' Houſe o're his own Head: no ſuch diſaſter,
Befalls this *Noble Duke*, whom thou deſpiſes,
And, as thy Fellow ſecundrel, Scandalizes:
Blacks him with lines blacker with Hell than Ink,
Him worſe Buffoon than thee, to make Men think.
Beggerd by Fools, and to b' enrich'd by Knaves,
The *firſt* are *weak*, the latter *Wicked Slaves*:
But who's the *Fool*, that dare a *Star* ſo ſpatter,
(For all thy Guinnies) with thy ſtinking blatter:

Were't

Were't not below ſo great a *luminary*,
To mark ſuch Barking Curs, thy caſe wou'd vary;
There's noiſe in Town of a ſtrange *Whipping Tom*,
But th' greateſt noiſe makes this *true whipping John*;
The firſt (tis ſaid) doth only *Women* whip,
This would make *Men*, yea greateſt Men to skip
Under his Laſhes, but they ſcorn his worſt,
Wellknowing he (of all Men) is accurſt.
Right Son of *Iſhmael*, *whoſe Hand's againſt*
All Men, yea great Men ne're ſo high Advanc'd:
Lord *Huntington.* Next, he falls foul on th' brave *Lord Huntington*,
Whom he calls *Well-hung Balaam* in Deriſion,
As if this Patriot, were th' old *Priapus*,
Whom th' Poets feign vaſtly Venereous.
But why a *Balaam* muſt he called be?
I never heard him b'am'd for Sorcery;
Nor ever that my *Lord* a *Prophet* was,
Or that he us'd to ride upon an Aſs:
The hit lays here, one *Rhiming* Aſs *Reproves him*,
Another railing Aſs with Kicks be-*Hoofs* him.
Publiſhing ſlanders, as to be believ'd,
Had not three *Noble Peers* his truth retriev'd;
By *Balaam*, *Balak*, th' Rabbies repreſents,
Rome's Church in *Prieſtly*, and in *Regal* Tents;
Thou'ſt got thy *Balaam*, though not of th' right Coat,
But where's thy *Balak*, *Rogers Remiſh Goat*:
E. of *Eſſex.* Next comes the Noble *Earl of Eſſex*, and
Is call'd by thee [*cold Caleb*] as his Brand,
But why? ſince *Caleb* is a name of note,
'Tis (Hebrew) *Hearty*, and doth well denote
This *Hearty* lover of his Liege, and Land,
What e're black-mouths to th' contrary him brand;
Yet (*cordial*) *Caleb* is reproach'd as *cold*,
Is it, becauſe for Children he's too old?

Or

Or is it, 'cause *He* is not in *Gods stead*,
To give himself an Heir on th' Marriage bed?
Sure I am that his *Zeal*'s not *cold* for good,
Both for the * *Cross*, and * *Harp* he briskly stood,
We will suppose him *cold* to Popish tricks,
To th' damn'd Designs of *Rome* he cannot fix:
Next comes to be traduc'd that Noble *Lord*
Howard of Escrick, whom he can afford
No better name than *Canting Nadab*, though
Both his Abilities, and Interest Men know.
Yet damns he *him* into Oblivions Grave,
Who would a sinking King and Kingdom save:
Here once again this quibling Poet leaves
His Reader in the dark, and subt'lly weaves
Another slipp'ry name, Ambiguous,
Or *Priest*, or *Prince*, it may be taken thus:
There was a *Nadab*, *Jeroboams* Son,
By whose lew'd life old *Israel* was undone:
Prince Nadab cannot be th' *Lord*'s Parallel,
Lambs Wool, and *Golden Calves* agree not well:
He for's contagious Sin * by's friend was Slain,
Cast out to th' Dogs from his short sinful Raign:
Will th' Harp and th' Harrow hang together here,
'Twixt such a *Miscreant*, and our *Brave Peer*?
No, 'tis *Priest Nadab* * *Aarons* Eldest Son,
Who *offer'd God strange Fire*, when first begun
His Priestly Office, and happly in over joy,
Was overwarm'd with Wine at's new Employ:
Canst thou make these together symbolize,
Whilst thou with wicked wit doth temporize,
No, *Nadabs* Fire will lick up this Lords Pottage,
(Wherewith thou slanders him in thy old dotage)
As did *Elijahs* Fire drink up the water,
Concur they can't in Person, nor in matter:

* *England.*
* *Irland.*

L. *Howard.*

* 1 Kin. 15. 25. 26. and *Josephus.*

Levit. 10. 1.

Makest

Makeſt thou no diff'rence 'twixt *Lords Spiritual*,
And thoſe of th' Layity, *Lords Temporal*,
Thy *Nadab* was a *Prieſt*, and had he liv'd,
He'd been High Prieſt, as th' eldeſt Son ſurviv'd:
Lord Howard never was, nor ever hope
To be thy *Sagan*, *Zadock*, Prieſt or Pope,
Strange Fire doth ſlay thy Prieſt in's Youth and Sonleſs,
This *Lord* doth live for all thy *Porridge* ſenſeleſs;
* Sir *Will. Jonas.* No better hits thy *Bull-fac'd Jonas* *next,
I'm ſure thy comment doth confound the Text:
Why muſt Sir *William Jones* thy *Jonas* be?
Is it becauſe th'*Storm Raiſer*'s only He;
What is the Storm which makes thee thus to foam?
Is't: 'cauſe the Ship will not ſteer right to *Rome*:
As *Pauls Ship*, when ſhe *ran* between two Sands,
The *Real*, and the *Sham-Plots* of *three Lands*:
Or *Jonas* he's, to be caſt over Board,
Will this in th' *See of Rome* a calm afford?
Without a Whale to *Ship* him ſafe to Shore,
No, thou wouldſt drown him to be ſeen no more:
Nor this alone would quell thy Romiſh ſtorm,
Thou'lt find more *Jonas*'s to drown or burn:
What *bold-fac'd Bard* art thou that dares to call;
This *Sage* [*Bull-fac'd*,] as if God made not all:
Did *he* make *Treaſon Law*, well to propoſe
The *Habeas-corpus Bill* for *Friends* and *Foes*?
Sher. *Bethel.* Thy *Shimei*'s next on whom thou quibbles worſt,
As if his King he had moſt curs'dly curſt,
Turning good *Bethel* to *Beth-aven* vile,
The worſt of Mankind by thy frothy ſtile;
Did ever thy *Mock Shimei* call the King
A *Bloody Belialiſt*, or ſome ſuch thing,
As mad with Malice, threw he e're a *Stone*,
As well as Curſes, at God's *Nointed one*?

So

So *Shimei* did, *venting* his hellish words,
And venturing his life to *Davids* Swords;
Oh how that dead Dog bark'd * [*come out, come out*] * 2Sam. 16. 7.
Thou cursed King: Thus desperately stout;
Had *Bethel* been, he had been *Soundly Bang'd*,
Yea long before this day been *Roundly Hang'd*:
All his rare Vertues thou turns into Vice,
His hopeful Youth, Zeal, Piety and rise
To Shrievalty, thou makes a Ridicule,
Makes th' City chuse a *Knave*, if not a *Fool*;
His Juries Damns, though none were panneld more
In *Honesty*, and *Honour* e're before:
And though thou scoff at his frugality,
Yet not a word, how he set Prisoners free:
Had his Rome plaguing courage been but cold,
His Kitchins coldness never had been told;
This Shrieve to *Babel* brats gave plaguy Times,
His Chain bound them to *Tyburn*, *There's his Crimes*:
Corah * comes lost, brings up thy railing Reer, * Dr. Oats
And suffers slashes by thy slandering Jeer;
But why is *Doctor Oats* this *Rebel Grand*,
Who with *an Accent* doth recorded stand,
Whom thy *Caduceum* transformed ha's,
Into *Nehushtan*, monumental Brass;
Oh wonder working *Mercury*, can thus
Oats into Pillars metamorphose us;
As high as th' *Dragon*, on *Bow Steeple* stands,
To save from *Romish Plots three Sister Lands*:
This thy *Mercurial Wit* can do, yet loose
Thy *Oaten Pipes* thereby, that p'ease thy Muse:
But oh how ugly seems thy *Metaphor*,
Thus to cast Dirt on *Englands Saviour*;
That was the name the *Earl of Danby* gave him,
As th' *Arch Attestor* thou (in scorn) *God save him*.

Who *saved* us from that Damn'd Popish Plot,
For which thou scoffs, and doth his *Scutcheon* blot:
Nay, all the rest that therein with him join,
Thou makes them suborn'd Rogues for *love* or *Coin*.
Though th' *King*, *four Parliaments* do all adjust
Their *Evidence*, as well deserving Trust:
Where did he with affronts the *King* Annoy,
Or threaten him *his* * *Brother* to Destroy?
As *Samuel* did *Saul* for *Agags* Death,
Him thou *makes Oats* and *Corah* with one breath;
Can th' Doctor be *Corah*, and *Samuel*,
The *last* not *first* is a fit parallel.
Corah (in Hebrew) signifieth [*Bald*]
Thus th' *Doctor Corah* never's better call'd,
While he was in *Corahs Conspiracy*,
With his *Bald* Crown 'mong Priests in Treachery:
Now he's come off from *Corahs* Tents, *Romes Lord*,
(If not at *Moses*, at *Messias* word)
Discovers th' Grandees of th' Conspiracy,
Stil'd *Corah* still he should not be by thee:
Oh how far wide thou shoots in this, thy Type
(of thy *two Corahs*) Jars with th' Antitype,
They suit in nothing, save both *Levites* be
A *Rebel That*, but *Loyal This* all see:
Save he that's blind, or willfully doth wink,
Thus *King* and *Parliaments* did truly think:
Corah the Jew a chief Ring-leader was,
Of black Rebellion a most sturdy Ass,
Nor *God*, nor *Moses* will be warned by,
But will be *Captain* of th' Conspiracy:
He's not content to be a *Levite* bare,
He'l have the *Priesthood* too, and th' *Ephod* wear:
Moses and *Aaron* both shall stoop to me,
I'le be both *Prince*, and *Priest*, (proudly said he)

* *Agag.*

The

The *meekest Man on Earth* was moved much,
To hear th' Arch-Rebels Mouth out-belching such
Blasphemous words, proclaiming th' People holy,
They might turn *Priests*, and not be blam'd for Folly.
This *Leveller* dies not a common Death,
Consuming Fire and Earthquake stops his Breath,
When but one day *he* and *his Company*,
(Like Children) had blown up their Bubbles high;
No sooner are blown up, but are blown out,
And fall on th' Eyes and Heads of th' *Rebel-Rout*.
Now (vain Poematist) how canst thou take
Right measures here, and an *hit* happy make
'Twixt thy two *Corahs* in the *Act* or *End*,
Vast difference *in both* thou must attend:
How can thy Jingles jump in any one
Of *Corahs Acts* (Ramm'd with Rebellion)
With this brave *Doctors* brisk Discovery
Of the Rede-Romish-Rebel's Treachery:
Hath *he* aspir'd thy *Zadock* to *Un-grace*,
And to assume th' *High-priesthood* as *his* place?
Where are his *Priests* and *Princes* to Conspire
Against *Meek Moses*, for *Jehovah's* Ire?
When did *his Dathans* and *Abirams* Rail
At out *Mild Moses*, scorn his *Royal* Call? * *Numb. 16. 12, 13, 14.
None say, *They'l not come up* to Parliament,
When *Moses* Royal Writs to them are sent:
None stile that *Bondage House* a *flowing Land*,
With Honey, Milk, wine for returning stand,
If thus the *Acts* do miss, much more the *End*,
Rome cannot *Out* to *Purgatory* send:
'Cause th' sturdy Rebels [*they'l not come up*] said,
They *did go down* into the *Doleful Shade*
Of *Earth*, and *Death*, but th' *Doctor* stands his *Ground*,
Though th' *Hue and Cry* hath made its empty Sound:

[illegible]t whereof happ'ly blew off his Gown,
[illegible] *Romes Breath* from *Whitehall* blew to *Town*:
[illegible] *Romanists* have *him blown up*,
In *London*, yet *he* may both Dine and Sup;
And *they* have *him* blown down from th' *Pallace Royal*,
Yet th' *City* shelters him as *Truly Loyal*;
There thou and thine must let the *Doctor* rest,
Unswallowed up alive by *Popish Pest*,
Conclude with this remark, the *Beast of Rome*,
To a strange *Surfeit* now *by Oats* is come:
When this (Poematist) hath doom'd his *Whiggs*,
He hands his *Tories* in with dainty *Jiggs*:
Thy very front hath a most happy hit,
Ireland was first the proper *Tories* Seat:
Thy *Van* thou rankest *Good Barzillai** old,
I wish that *Earl* as *good*, yea more, twice told:
Thou say'st, the rising Rebels *he* withstood,
But say'st not, whether those of th' *Irish Brood*,
Or of the *English*; sure, it was his Glory,
(His name will shine in everlasting Story)
So far as *he* the *Irish Rebels* hush'd,
Who many thousand *Protestants* had crush'd:
But much disparity thou'lt surely find,
'Twixt this *old Jew*, and th' *Earl* of Irish kind;
Why must this *Noble Earl Barzillai* be,
Neither in Names, nor *Natures* they agree;
The *Name* [*as hard as Iron*] signifies,
But thou cries up thy *Earl* for Charities;
[*Large was his wealth, but larger was his Heart.*]
He's Character'd by thy own jingling Art:
Nor doth their *Natures* better here Accord,
Barzillai pass'd not over *Jordans* Ford:
Nor did he with his *God like Prince* return
Unto *Jerusalem*, (though he did mourn,

* E. of *Ormond*.

With

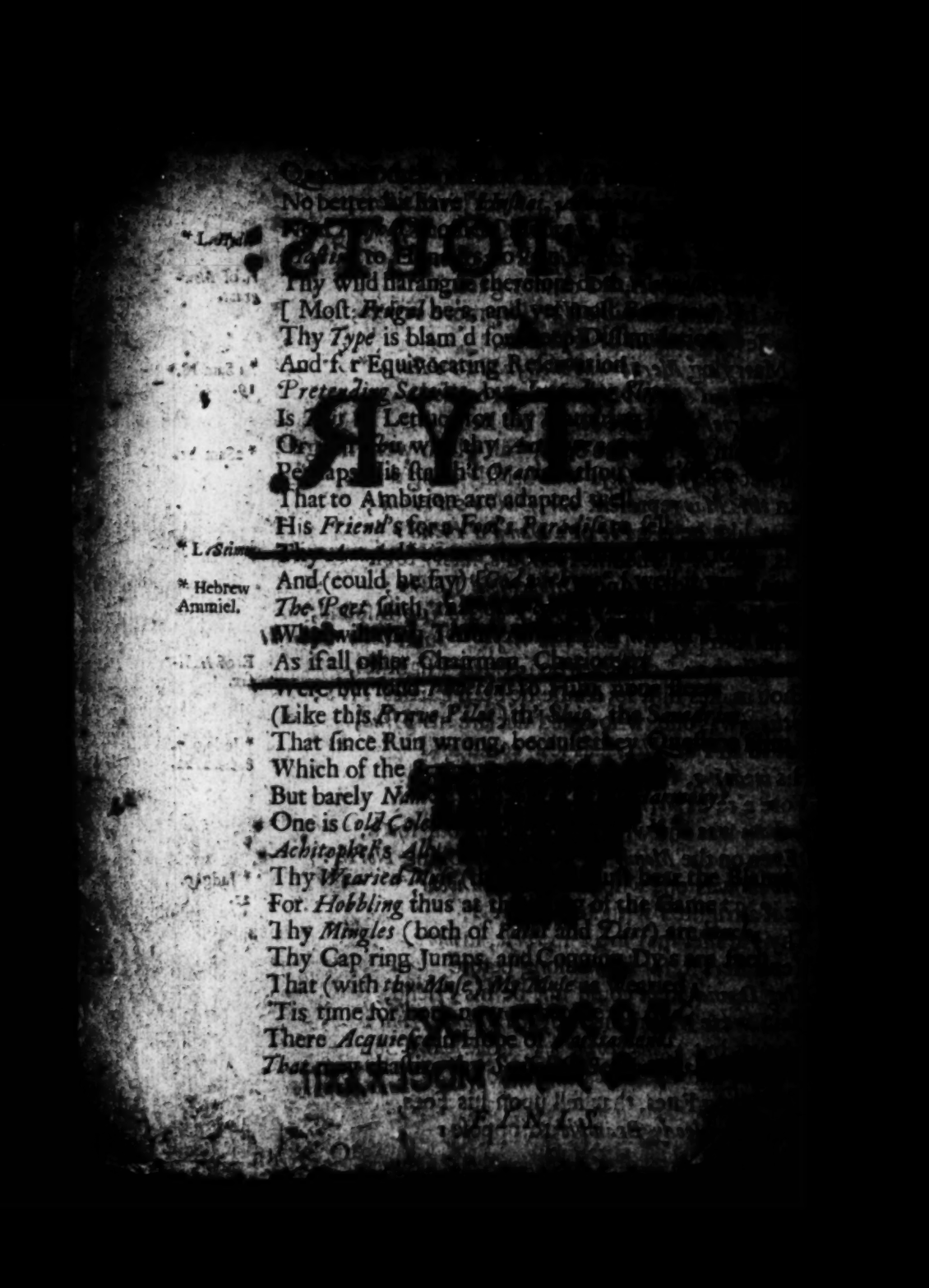
With him in exile) as for *Mirth*, * and *Treasures*,
He judg'd himself unfit for *Courtly Pleasures*:
His Soul was so Divine, he could not breath,
But where, retir'd, * he might prepare for Death,
And *lay hold* also *on Eternal Life*; *
I would this were all Aged Peoples strife:
But why's not *Eldest Hope* * call'd *Chinham* here,
Whose Blood was brisk, and thought not Death was neer.
Was it cause *Chinham* was not snatch'd away
As *He*, but liv'd in *Court all David's Day*:
But now thy wanton Wit rants over wild,
Thou seem'st a frothy Fool, or Pagan Child;
Profanely sayst, *to snatch in Manhood prime,*
This Hopeful Earl, was *Providence's Crime*,
And an *unequal Fate*: Black Blasphemy!
Branding *Gods Wisdom*, and his *Purity*:
He that doth all things well, must he be blam'd;
His ways are not unequal, yet defam'd,
Must *Humane Folly Divine Wisdom* thwart?
Must th' *Sun* corrected be by th' *Dyals Art*?
God of his matters never gives Account,
His *Will's a Law*, as He's *Lord Paramount*:
But why dost thou from grave *Barzillai* fly,
Next unto *Zadock* for prepostrously;
None 'twixt that *Priest*, and this *Priest* canst thou find?
Distressed *David* had one Princely Friend;
Ittai the *Gittite*, * th' King of *Gath* his Son,
Stuck close to *David* (against *Absolon*)
Who was *an Exile*, yet to *Hebrew Faith*
Asserted, and it's King (the Scripture saith*)
Third part of th' Army to his Conduct was
Committed by the King, * and Triumph has:
Strong was his Name, *my Sign*, and *Plowshare* too,
In th' Holy Tongue, all th' Rebels to undo:

* 2 Sam. 19. 33. 35.
* V. 35.
* 1 Tim. 6. 19.
* Eof C. 17.
P. *Rupert.*
* 2 Sam. 15. 18. 19. 20.
* Ch. 18. 2.

How cam'ſt thou this *Brave Prince* to overlook,
(Before thy *Zadock* in thy pedantick book,
May be; 'twas wilful blindneſs not to trace
A Parallel to ſuit *Prince Rupert's* caſe,
Of Royal Extract, and an Exile is;
Through By-got Papiſts, yet he's *Englands Bliſs*,
Stoutly aſſerteth the *Reformed Faith*
'Gainſt Wind and Tide (with *David*) weather'd hath:
Third part of th' Army was *his* Commiſſion,
True hath he been to th' *Father*, and to th' *Son*:
Nor hath *he* wanted *Triumphs* in his Days,
God Grant *he* may *our Faith* to Triumph raiſe:
Had'ſt thou Hit here on this *Right Parallel*,
It might have quali'fi'd ſome Errours well:
But thou doſt leap o're *him* to *Zadock* * next,
Yet there's thy Comment ſhorter than the Text, *
Neither in *this*, lines Parallel can run,
Abiathar (then High Prieſt) had not done,
Zadock was then but *Sagan* under *him*,
Whom Solomon diſplac'd, plac'd *Zadok* in:
Whoſe *lowly mind* rais'd not to Grace or Place,
'Twas 'cauſe deſcended right of *Aarons* Race:
Hadſt thou thy *Talmud* well conſulted, there
Thou might'ſt have found a *Law* that doth declare,
None High-Prieſt can be, till he's *Sagan* firſt,
But th' *Engliſh Zadock's* Leap oppoſe who durſt?
Having a Royal Hand to help him o're,
All th' *Biſhops* Heads, though *he* was *none* before,
Much leſs the *Sagan*, which he thou'd have been
Before (by th' *Talmud*) *Metropolitane*:
Next comes thy *Sagan*, * whom thou hop'ſt to ſee,
Thy *Zadock*, that *his Poet* thou mayſt be,
Or better dignifi'd, would th' *old Man* die,
And leave for *him* his *Lambeth* Dignity:
Hence 'tis, a *Diſtich* muſt thy *Zadock* ſtarve,
Eight lines (no leſs) muſt thy *Young Sagan* ſerve;

* A. B. of *Canterbury.*
* 2 *Sam.* 15. from 24. to 30.

B. of *London.*

Wherein thou Shows him off with mixtly Colours,
Hoping to have his *Crowns*, if not his *Dollars*,
Yes better, *Angels*, *Garnies*, all in Sums,
When from *Annas* to *Caiphas* he comes:
Thy next is *Adriel*, * I cannot guess, E. of *Mowgrave*.
How he suits *David's Worthies* more or less;
The Jewish *Adriel* of *Ephraim*,
In Marrying *Merab* was *most false* to *Him*; * * 1 Sam. 18. 19.
Twice *Saul* to *David* had *her* promised,
Yet *Adriel* dare take *her* to his Bed;
By whom he had sure Sons, * all which were hang'd; * 2 Sam. 21.
Whereby *perfidiousness* was briskly bang'd:
Can *this Man* represent *our David's Friend*;
More like he is a *Foe* or a *Damn'd Fiend*:
'Tis true, *he* hath some Honours, lately took
From th' *Dutiful*, (not *Disobedient*) *Duke*;
The Hebrew name [*the Flock of God*] doth sound,
I wish him [*of it*] and [*in it*] be found:
Next *Jotham* * comes, who [*perfect*] signifies, E. of *Hallifax*.
Thou makes him so, 'cause he both Parties Tri's;
Jotham was one, who could declare his *Mind*,
Yet so in *Parables*, * as few could find * Judg. 9. 7. 8. &c. 2. 22.
His *meaning*, till became *fix'd Mercury*,
'Fore e're in *motion*, ne're *rest* quietly:
Jotham was one who *Curses* could pour forth,
(Even on the *Mount of Blessing*) looking *North*:
Jotham was one who *fled away and went*, * * Judg. 9. 21.
As if affrighted with a *Parliament*.
Thy Parallel may meet in *these*, in *more*,
Yet differs it, for *he* was long before
King David, so *he* could not be his Friend,
Slain were his Brethren by a *Bastard Hind*:
He was but *young*, *thine old*, a *Saviour's* Son
Was *he*, and had Gods Inspiration;
Forwarding Fates, that fell upon his Foes,
[illegible] *bloody Bramble* to oppose:

Quarrate